624 would pay them a small retaining fee if they would take it in
124 turns to be "on duty" with him in their spare time. They would obviously be useful informants.

487 We had to walk along in single file. There is no "road" in
312 Hunza where two people can walk abreast, or along which you can ride, except the "Great North Road" running through from Kashmir to Kashgar, and even it is never more than 4 to 6 feet wide. The other tracks run mostly beside small water-channels to enable people to get from one sluice to another to juggle the water now off, now on. Even when you have a neat little track fairly horizontal (there are only three of these possible for ordinary walking) it is broken every few yards by a sluice which you must jump or step over carefully so as not to interfere with the water arrangements or, alternatively, break your leg. The sluices are the simplest things imaginable—just a gap in the side wall of the channel which can be closed with a couple of convenient, slab-like stones and plastered up with mud from the watercourse. Occasionally there is a little wooden shutter which can be raised or lowered in wooden slots at the side.

As we went along David asked the names of the various kinds of water-channels, fields, etc., that we saw (the names he already knew, but not at first hand which kind was which), and presently we had a train of bright-eyed boys in the fields on each side, full of amusement at this new game. One would cry: "This stone is a flint; this is a stink-stone," whereupon he would crack it and give it to us to notice the faint smell of sulphur it gave out. Another would run up: "Here's a poppy and a poppy-head"—so we were not going to lack for willing teachers.

After a little we turned down a narrow "lane," less like an English lane than anything else on earth. It plunged downhill pretty steeply, sometimes just a rocky slope, sometimes just one boulder below another making a very crude flight of steps varying from 18 inches to 3 feet or so. Beside the "path" ran the inevitable water-gutter in which you could walk, as it happened at the moment to be dry.

417 On each side, a bare 3 feet apart, were the usual walls of
● 332

loose stone. It is amazing how they get these walls to stand up, 6, 7, 10 feet high, without an ounce of mortar or mud. At the bottom they put huge stones like portmanteaux, then smaller ones like bandboxes, then others the size of quartern loaves, till as you get towards the top they have come down to the size of penny buns. Each is carefully chosen to fit as neatly as possible into the space left by the last, and wherever there is a gap left they choose a small stone that will just fit and wedge it in tight. The walls are really a beautiful sight. These side ones they build partly because they want a boundary to their field, but much more, I think, because if you didn't pile the stones somewhere there would be no field at all. There are no gates. Wood is scarce and very precious and, besides, at different seasons and for different purposes you might want the gate now in one place, now in another. So when you want to get in, you just pull down as much of the wall as necessary and build it up again when your work is done.

Presently we came to a large garden with handsome walnut trees, its long wall broken by a wooden door now open. Hurmat told us that this was the semi-royal domain, where the Mir's first wife and what the German royalties would call his morganatic family were settled. Festivities were going on inside, and we were assured that anyone might enter. Fortified by this we went in and were made welcome by two semi-royal grandsons, one a lad of seventeen or eighteen and one a jolly little boy of perhaps ten, who were sitting on a carpet spread on a raised piece of ground below some trees. Our hosts made us immediately at home, and a chair was fetched for me.

There was a little grass under the trees, and just inside the wall an open earthen space like a bit of a school playground. The band was sitting against the wall, while men and boys were dancing and a largish audience was clapping and hurrahing at intervals. Baskets and dishes of ripe apricots were lying about everywhere, and everyone helped himself as inclined. Fruit was brought for us and the merry-making went on as before. It was delightfully gay and informal and our young hosts did not allow us to feel out of things. We took care not to stay too

2: Lorimer T-3 (1933-4; 1934-5) 1939 AV7 Burusho AV7

Chapter 16

HOME LIFE AT No. 1

293 When the women are working in the fields through the heat
[32] of the day—and it is very, very hot at 7,800 feet with a tem-
854 perature of 105° in the shade—they usually have a large square
482 of cotton cloth with them, which they sometimes throw over their heads for protection. This cloth turns in for all sorts of purposes; if you are carrying a small quantity of flour home from the mill you can wrap it up and tie it across from one shoulder to the other armpit and so keep both hands free. If the baby is too small to sit safely on your back or shoulders, you treat it in the same way. In fact, if you see a woman with this kind of bundle that appears to have two lumps in it you may safely guess that it's a baby.

342 I made great friends with the family who worked just below us (I have named them in my notebook Household No. 1), and I felt quite sad when their wheat harvest was over—it was so convenient just to run down and join them in sight of our own windows. They asked me, however: "Won't you come home and sit in our shade?" Of course I accepted with delight. It was just a few steps along the Dála and down one of the little lanes, half path, half watercourse. We came to a slightly taller, mud-plastered wall on the left with a wooden door in it. Through this I stepped in to a tiny courtyard with a shed on each side, one for straw and one for the lambs and kids. The
● [333] house itself is just a rough cube of stones plastered with mud, and it has a flat roof with a smoke-hole in it above the central hearth. You go up by a ladder, and the roof makes a nice place for sitting out, watching the neighbours go by, spinning, and drying apricots. It has a second store-room built on a part of

8: Clark N-5 (1948-1951)1963
AV7 Burusho AV7
Hunza

[P43-A]

SCENE MORE TYPICAL of neighboring Gilgit than of Hunza is this one showing boys at a community fountain. Until a short time ago, little if any pipe had been available in Hunza. Water, called "glacial milk," comes from ice sheets.

1/2
291
3/2
333

4a Durand G-3 (1888-93) 1900 AV1 Kashmir
Durusho AV7

312 four and a half feet wide by one foot deep, which means a considerable flow of water. On this channel the cultivation of Hunza proper entirely depends; should it fail, starvation stares the people in the face. It is not surprising, therefore, that the greatest care should be expended on its preservation. [412] But what is wonderful is the excellence of the result arrived at. It must be remembered that the people have no proper tools, no crowbars and dynamite to assist them. A tiny pick of soft iron, which looks like a child's garden tool, shovels fashioned out of wood, and a few poles as levers, [333] are all that they have to work with. The use of mortar is unknown; all their walls are of dry masonry. Yet with all these disadvantages, with nothing but their eye as a guide to levels, they have carried this great irrigation channel for six miles, and turned an arid desert into a garden. For the most part it is true it runs along the side of a gently sloping mountain, but it also crosses many deep and perpendicular-sided ravines, and encounters masses of rock which have to be circumvented. It is a splendid work, and I admired it more every time I walked along it.

159 The Thum was too unwell with fever to return my visit, and his Wazir came in his stead. Robertson went up to see the Chief, and prescribed for him, with the result that the descendant of Alexander, as he considered and called himself, got into a state of abject terror, thought his last hour was come, and refused to take the second dose which was the natural sequence of the first. Robertson reported that he was a coward, that he had literally